The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa.

Only a few more days for Christmas shopping and these will be busy days. The forenoon will be the most comfortable time to make your selections as you will have more time. If you do not want to take your purchases with you they can be left here and be delivered when and where you wish them.

We make a partial list of the good things we have for the Christmas trade. You may see something here that you have forgotten. Remember this is not all, we have many others.

Ladies.

HANDKERCHIEFS
½ doz. in fancy box. 98c to $3 00
Embroidered 15c to $2 00 each
Plain Linen Initial ½ doz box 1 85
HAND BAGS 50c to 7 50
BELT BUCKLES 25c to 1 00 each
BATH ROBES, 5 00
PICTURES 10c to 8 50
UMBRELLAS 98c to 8 50
SIDE and BACK COMB SETS 50c to 8 50
COMB & BRUSH SETS 2 00 to 8 00
STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES
Hat Pins 10c to 1 00
Combs 10c to 2 50
Waist Silks Patterns 75c to 1 40 yd
LADIES SILK HOSE 1 pr. to box 1 00, 1 50 & 2 00
LADIES LISLE HOSE 3 pairs to box 50c to 75c pair
QUEEN QUALITY SHOES 3 00, 3.50, 4 00
DAVIS and BOSTON FAVORITE SHOES 1 75, 2 00, 2 25, 2 50
GLOVES 1, 1 50
Long Gloves—kid 1 50, 4 00
Wool Gloves 25c, 50c
Silk Mittens 1 15
FURS and MUFFS All kinds, all prices

Children

COATS 2 25 to 10 00
CAPS 25c to 2 50
MITTENS 8c to 45c
GLOVES 25 to 45c
KNIT JACKETS 25c to 1 00
LEGGINS 50c to 1 50
SHOES 25c to 2 50
BOOTEES 15 to 50c
HOSE 10 to 25c
HDKFS 5 to 25c
FUR SETS 1 00 to 5 08
BEADS 15c to 4 00

Toys of all kinds

SLEDS

Everything to please the Children

Gentlemen.

SHOES 2 00 to 5 00
SLIPPERS 70c to 3 00
TIE PINS 25c to 3 00
PURSES 25c to 3 50
MUFFLERS 25c to 2 00
NIGHT ROBES 1 00 up
SMOKING JACKETS 6 00
NECKWEAR 25 to 50c
HOSIERY 25 and 50c
GLOVES 1 00 to 2 50
UMBRELLAS 1 25 to 5 00
SUIT CASES 98 to 10 00

Sweaters, Caps, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Shirts, Watch Fobs, Nightrobes, Match Safes, Comb and Brush, Knife & Match Safe in boxes.

For the House.

RUGS 98c to 22 50
LACE CURTAINS
CARPETS 25c to 75c yd
QUILTS 1 00 to 4 00 each
BLANKETS, wool 5 00 to 10 00 pair
" cotton 50c to 1 75 pair
PORTIERS 2 50 to $10 pr
50c to 8 50

In the Coat and Suit Department

COATS for Ladies, Misses and Children.
SKIRTS, new styles 4 50 to 15 00
VOILE SKIRTS 12 50 to 25 00
SILK PETTICOATS 5 50 to 12 50
SUITS 11 00 to 28 00 RAIN COATS 5 00 to $18

Make your selections early and avoid the rush of the last week before Xmas.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 1 , 1906

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Brasted has a change of ad.

—J. C. Hamlin has a new ad on another page.

—Eighteen more days to the good resolutions.

—Redfield's ad may interest you. Look it up.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Bouton on Dec. 8, 1906, a son.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett calls attention to holiday goods in a new ad on another page.

—J. Colegrove has added a line of candy to his large stock. A new ad tells more about it.

—Lane's Jewelry Store of Bradford is among the new ads to-day. This firm can please you.

—A dancing party was enjoyed by a number of young people at the hose house last Friday evening.

—Santa Claus has made his headquarters at Wells' Drug Store. The big ad for this firm will enlighten you.

—All persons who have been invited to take part in "The Union Depot" are requested to meet at the hose house this evening at 8 o'clock for rehearsal.

—Mrs. John Summersgill sprained her ankle on Monday and is confined to the house.

—McCoy's Drug Store increases space this week and some suggestions to shoppers are given.

—You will want to read the new ad of W. J. Keer before you complete the Christmas shopping.

—D. W. Boh of Salamanca, an experienced railroad man, has taken the position of superintendent of the Kushequa Route.

—Sunday evening at 7:30 the Rev. W. A. Harris will preach on the topic, "Great Poems—Robert Browning's Saul."

—Rev. Dr. Cardus will hold the first quarterly conference in the Methodist Episcopal church on Tuesday evening, Dec. 18th

—The home of Daniel Yentzer on Sartwell creek was destroyed by fire one day last week, together with most of the contents.

—A case of honey is to be given to the handsomest woman in attendance at the Bradford poultry show on Jan. 19, as well as to the homliest man.

—Society women, in numerous cases, wear themselves out by over-exertion. Miss Adelipe Thompson of Philadelphia, a noted society leader, died last Thursday, aged 103 years. Her fate should be a warning to the members of the smart set.—Bradford Era.

—The Lindholm Company in their ad to-day tell of seasonable gifts for the ladies, children, gentlemen and the house. They have a large and varied line.

—To all his patrons Monheimer extends hearty Xmas greetings. His enlarged ad with his motto—your money's worth or your money back—appears on this page.

—The new Catholic church at Hazelhurst is to be dedicated next Sunday. Rev. J. F. Dugan and the choir of St. Elizabeth's church will assist in the services.

—The Herald Square Moving Pictures was the attraction at the Lyceum Monday evening. The attendance was fair and those present saw a first-class performance.

—Turn out to "The Union Depot" at the Lyceum next Wednesday evening, Dec. 10. Besides having an evening's enjoyment you will be assisting a most worthy object, St. Elizabeth's church.

—The Ladies Aid Society of the Baptist church will hold a Christmas sale of fancy articles at the church parlors on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 20, at 3:30 o'clock. Supper will be served at 5:30.

—On Monday evening occurred the marriage of Mrs. Jane H. Sowers, a former resident of this place, to Calvin Washburn of Ischua, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Washburn will reside in Hinsdale, N. Y.

—Some of the local merchants have been the victims of shoplifters of late. They are determined to put a stop to the despicable acts and will make an example of some one by arrest if the deeds continue.

—The editor is in receipt of an autograph copy of the book, "Quincy Adam Sawyer," for which we wish to thank Charles F. Atkinson, who will present the beautiful drama of that name here in the near future.

—Allen Studholme was elected a Member of Parliament from the East Hamilton district, Canada, on Tuesday of last week. Mr. Studholme is the father of Foster, Gordon and Ed. Studholme, so well known here.

—Sunday morning at the Methodist Episcopal church, Love Feast at 10 o'clock, at 10:30 preaching and communion, Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Epworth League at 6:45 p. m. Topic, Missions; leader, Theron Lyle.

—The Syracuse Herald of last Sunday contains the following which will be of interest to many people in Smethport and vicinity: "Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson Larned announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Caroline Marie Larned, to Scott Forrest Redfield of Smethport, Pa."

—It is quite probable that basket ball games will be seen in Smethport this winter. The students at the high school have taken up the matter and it is expected that both the girls and boys will organize teams. This game is proving popular throughout the country and no doubt would furnish amusement for many in this place.

—Burglars forced an entrance to the Erie station at Lewis Run sometime during Sunday night and stole a number of express packages of more or less value. The same night the confectionery store which is conducted in connection with the street car waiting room there was entered and about $3 in cash obtained by the thieves.—Bradford Era.

—Will all who contribute to the Christmas box to be sent to the Childrens' Home in Bradford, send their gifts to the home of the secretary, Mrs. M. E. Richmond, not later than Dec. 10. Clothing for children from small infants to school children of all sizes and both sex, also anything needed in the institution will be gratefully received, as well as toys, books and sweetmeats.

—At the meeting of the Smethport hose company last Friday evening the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. A. Andorfer; vice president, Guy H. McCoy; secretary, F. H Hungiville; treasurer, M. L. Armstrong; foreman, J. W. Waite; first assistant foreman, Wellington Stark; second assistant foreman, J. L. Morrison; trustees, J. E. Mundy, S. S. Fry and D. M. Brasted.

—Chester E. Gillette has been sentenced to die in the electric chair at Auburn prison during the week of January 28. The sentence was pronounced in the court house at Herkimer Monday morning. Gillette's mother was at his side when sentence was pronounced. He bore up well and when asked if he had anything to say, protested his innocence. He emphatically denies the report that he made a confession.

Personal Mention.

T. H. Purtle is in Bradford on business.

Leo Koenig was up from Eldred on business yesterday.

Mrs. and Mrs. J. C. Buckus are Bradford visitors to-day.

Hon. A. F. Bannon of Bradford was a visitor in town this week.

Miss Carrie Dickenson and Miss Elsie Sherer visited Bradford on Tuesday.

Miss Carrie Servatius of Bradford was the guest of friends in town over Sunday.

W. J. Milliken of Bradford was a visitor in town Tuesday and attended the funeral of Mrs. Ford.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Fish of Allegany, N. Y., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lyman and other relatives.

George A. Denning was called to Odessa, N. Y., Wednesday morning on account of the death of his father.

Mrs. Maude Hussey and two sons, Francis and John, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Miller in Charleston, W. Va.

Miss Margaret Rice left for San Diego, Cal., Monday, her future home. During Miss Rice's residence in Smethport she has won the esteem of many, who regret her departure but wish her success and happiness in her new home.

Be up to date and get your Potato Crates at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

You will be satisfied if you buy your holiday confections of Brasted.

Utopian chocolates. Swell Xmas line at Dickinson's.

Dr. Reed's E. Z. Cushion Sole Shoes for Men at Rubin's.

Xmas candies of every description at Dickinson's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

A Merry Christmas

and many thanks for your patronage in the past. Let us suggest the articles named below as a suitable Xmas gift. If bought here you have the assurance that you get

THE BEST

that money can buy at prices as reasonable as is consistent with good goods.

Gloves of every description, 25c to 2.50 pair.

Handkerchiefs of every description 10c to 1.50 each.

Mufflers and Ties, 25c to 1.50 each.

Cuff Buttons, Fobs & Scarf Pins, 50c to 3.50 each

Silk and Linen Suspenders, 25c to 1.50 pair

Walk Over Shoes, $3.50 to $5 pair

Suit Cases from 1.25 to $10 each

Umbrellas, 1.00 to 6.00

Fur Caps, 50c to 5.00

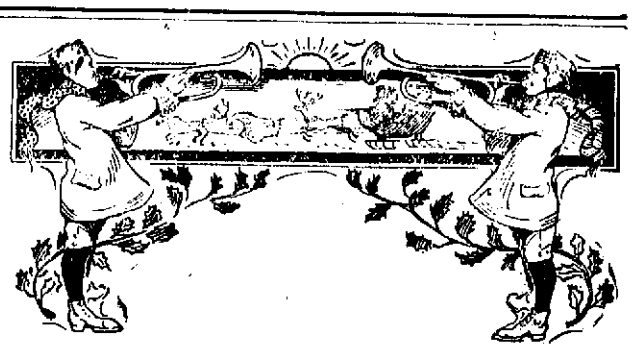
White and fcy. fl. Shirts, 1.00 to 3.00 each

Derby and Soft Hats, 1.50 to 3.00

Or, if you wish to buy a Suit, Overcoat or Rain Coat it will be to your advantage to see us first. If you desire to exchange any Xmas gift bought in this store in this store you can do so at any time. Our motto always is

Your Money's Worth
or
Your Money Back.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S



Christmas Gifts.

Only ten short shopping days before Christmas eve and at this season you know time fairly flies.

We're ready with a store full of holiday suggestions—gifts to your friends and to those who have battled with the world and lost. If you give them buy carefully. This list will help you.

It will afford us pleasure to show you through.

GIFTS FOR MEN.

Don't wrinkle your forehead another minute. No need to trust to another's taste in cigars this year for here are hundreds of gifts that men like.

Smoking sets, ash trays, ink stands, cigar holders, calendars, collar and cuff boxes, military brushes, shaving sets and dozens more of acceptable things.

To say nothing of latest ideas in wear things at the men's counter.

GIFTS FOR WOMEN

It's easy here. Toilet cases, glove and handkerchief boxes, mirrors, shopping memorandas, trays, twine holders, calendars, pictures, gloves, neckwear, ribbons, belts, umbrellas, fancy combs, handkerchiefs, bracelets, lockets, hatpins, belts, buckles furs and an endless lot of other things that you can't go wrong on.

TOYS AND GAMES.

To delight the little folks, rocking horses, mechanical toys, beds, swings, chairs, tables, tea sets, books, humpty dumpty circus, Teddy bears, the newest games, etc. There's no use trying to enumerate them all.

DOLLS.

Nothing affords a girl more pleasure than a new doll. They are here in all sorts. The new rag doll with the photo face is a winner. Kid body dolls, dressed dolls, etc. You won't complain of the prices.

BATH ROBES, HOUSE JACKETS.

They will please the men.
Robes $3.90 to $6.00.
Jackets $5.00.

PICTURES.

No one has too many. Pictures are delightful gifts if they are good ones. All sorts of frames and a great variety of subjects. 5c to $3.75.

FRY & COMES.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

LUMBER YARD

If you are builoing or repairing come and see our stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, Lime, Brick. Cement. Etc., Etc.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

DIAMOND WATCH JEWELRY AND OPTICAL PARLORS

Lane's

57 MAIN STREET

BRADFORD, PENN'A.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store, Union Telephone Bldg.

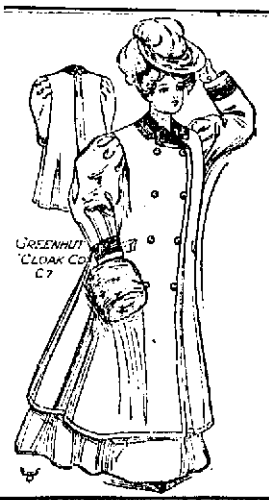
Diamonds Watches Art Jewelry

AMERICAN FOREIGN AND QUAINT.

Parisian Style Today JET JEWELRY.

GRADUATE OPTICIAN EYES EXAMINED FREE

Extra inducements during Holidays—Railroaad Fare Paid out-of-town purchases exceeding $10 value.



Big Cloak Sale.

During the month of Dec. we will give a reduction of 10 per cent. on all ladies and children's cloaks. Now is the time to buy a cloak if you have not already purchased one.

Come early while we have a good assortment of sizes.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

FICTION IN HISTORY

AMERICAN RECORDS IN PARTICULAR ABOUND IN ERRORS.

For Instance, There Were No Cotton Bales at the Battle of New Orleans, and Cornwallis Did Not Hand His Sword to Washington at Yorktown.

The fact that a large proportion of all the history of all the world is false is perhaps known to few people. That American history particularly abounds in errors, blunders and stereotyped falsities is known to even a smaller number. Walpole, wishing to amuse his father after an unusually wearisome day, proposed reading to him from a book of history. "Anything but history," said the old man, "for history must be false."

When it is considered that historians in every period of the world have been narrowed and biased by personal opinion and surrounding circumstances the wisdom of this remark is perceived. The worst part of it all is that when once a mistake has been made it has rarely been rectified, each succeeding historian being content to accept as facts the work of those who went before him. The ultimate result of this was that the mistakes were believed by those who read them, and events in history that never happened or were false were accepted by the world and ever after known as the markers of important epochs.

For instance, the battle of Lexington, which occurred April 19, 1775, is known as the first battle between the colonists and the British. But this was not so, for the records of Orange county, N. C., show that on the road from Hillsboro to Salisbury on May 16, 1771, an engagement between a squad of British troops and a body of colonists took place, in which thirty-six men were killed and several wounded. The trouble was caused by the resentment of the colonists over the illegal taxes imposed by the British clerk of the county court.

Historians persist in saying and people persist in believing that the breastworks thrown up by General Jackson at New Orleans were made of cotton bales covered with earth. As a matter of fact, there was not a pound of cotton on the ground, and this fact has been verified by Major Chotard, General Jackson's assistant adjutant general, who was himself a participant in the battle.

A well known engraving that nearly always appears in modern school histories is that of General Cornwallis handing his sword to General Washington at the surrender of Yorktown, and this in spite of the fact that, to spare Cornwallis the humiliation, General O'Hara gave his sword to General Lincoln in token of surrender.

Possibly in the course of time the battle of Bunker Hill will be rightly called the battle of Breed's Hill, and, to return to ancient history, the marvelous chronicles of Herodotus will be discredited. It is told in history that Hannibal cut his way across the Alps with iron, fire and vinegar, but the question still remains as to how he applied the vinegar. The conflicting accounts of the life of Napoleon go to illustrate the discrepancies of many historical writers.

All have heard the words, "All is lost but honor," attributed to King Francis I. in a letter to a woman, yet when this letter was referred to for the phrase it was not to be found there.

And, again, when Louis XVI. laid his head beneath the guillotine his confessor, Abbe Edgeworth, dismissed him from the world, so history tells, with the beautiful viatieum, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven." Yet in reality he said nothing of the sort.

The brave defiance, "The guard dies, but never surrenders," attributed to Cambronne when at Waterloo the imperial guard were ordered to throw down their arms, has been shown to have been the fanciful creation of some historian's mind, and the saying, "Providence favors the stronger side," or, as it has been corrupted, "God is on the side with the heaviest artillery," which has been attributed to Napoleon, really originated with writers of antiquity. Cicero alludes to it as an "old proverb."

It would take volumes to contain all the blunders, small, large and indifferent, that historians have made, and the lamentable part of it is that the old blunders are constantly being made over again, so that, with the errors that are bound to occur in the history of the present and the mistakes that our forefathers made and which we are still making, history in time will become little more than a long though extremely interesting work of fiction.—Sunday Magazine.

What We Owe to Insects.

Professor Darwin said that if it had not been for insects we should never have had any more imposing or attractive flowers than those of the elm, the hop and the nettle. Lord Avebury compares the work of the insect to that of the florist. He considers that just as the florist has by selection produced the elegant blossoms of the garden, so the insects by selecting the largest and brightest blossoms for fertilization have produced the gay flowers of the field. Professor Plateau of Ghent has carried out a series of remarkable experiments on the ways of insects visiting flowers. He considers that they are guided by scent rather than by color, and in this contention he is at variance with certain British naturalists. Whatever may be the attractions in flowers to insects—as yet it appears undefined—it is certain that the latter visit freely all blossoms alike, making no distinction between the large, bright colored ones and the less conspicuous blooms like those of the currant, the lime, the plane tree, the nettle and the willow.

When the tip of a dog's nose is cold and moist, that dog is not sick. A feverish dry nose means sickness with a dog. And so with the human lips. Dry, cracked and colorless lips mean feverishness, and are as well ill-appearing. To have beautiful, pink, velvet-like lips apply at bed time a coating of Dr. Shoop's Green Salve. It will soften and heal any skin ailment. Get a free, trial box at any dealers and be convinced. Large

GOVERNMENT WAGES LOW.

H. T. Newcomb Gives Facts of Interest to Wage Earners.

From 1890 to 1904 the average retail cost of the ordinary articles of food used in the United States advanced no less than 17 per cent (16.96, to be more exact)—that is, the purchaser of food for a family had to pay $1.17 in 1904 for the same quantity and quality of food that $1 would purchase in 1890. These are official statistics compiled by the highly skilled experts employed by the federal government, and every housewife knows that they do not overstate the advance. Other necessities of life have advanced in cost with approximately equal rapidity.

Unquestionably wages ought, generally speaking, to have advanced somewhat in proportion to the increase in the cost of living. In private employment this has apparently taken place, the average wages per hour reported by the federal bureau of labor being 17.36 per cent higher in 1904 than in 1890 and the average weekly earnings 12.76 per cent higher. The advances thus represented are spread all over the country; they characterize every private industrial enterprise and have benefited all classes of workmen employed in private undertakings.

How is it with public employment? A few undertakings conducted under public ownership employ labor like that similarly serving private employers in the same communities, and in these cases the public rate of wages has slowly been advanced somewhat in proportion to the advance in the wages privately paid. But where any American government, municipal, state or national, is the sole or by far the largest employer of a particular class of labor the advances to meet increased cost of living have been so few that the ordinary investigator will be unable to discover a single instance.

Throughout the postal service, among the 25,000 clerical employees at Washington, in the customs and internal revenue services there have been no advances in pay to meet the rise in cost of food, clothing and shelter. The pay of letter carriers, for example, remains precisely where it was fixed twenty years ago by an act approved on Jan. 3, 1887.

The largest printing office in the world is that maintained at Washington by the government, and there the federal government employs a large force of intelligent and highly skilled workingmen. A change in the basis of payment in 1890 from the piece work to the per hour system prevents comparisons with dates prior to the change, but wages have remained stationary since March 3, 1899, although the official statisticians report that the cost of food has advanced since the rate of wages was fixed by statute fully 12.25 per cent. During the same years the wages of printers in private book publishing or job printing establishments advanced throughout the United States as follows: Compositors, male, 14.07 per cent; compositors, female, 20.80 per cent; press feeders, male, 22.41 per cent; press feeders, female, 21.27 per cent; pressmen, 11.75 per cent.—H. T. Newcomb.

DO YOU OWN A HORSE?

Electric Light Plants Are Like Horses in Some Respects.

The subject of depreciation is well worthy of the careful consideration of those who are prone to ignore that item in estimating the cost of lights supplied by municipal plants. But as more people own horses than lighting plants it may be helpful to consider depreciation as applied to horses.

You pay $250 for a five-year-old horse. That's original cost. If you borrow the money you must pay interest on it. If you don't borrow it you lose the interest you would get if you didn't buy the horse. Either way it's interest. You feed the horse, and perhaps hire a man to take care of him. That's operating expenses. You get him shod occasionally and call in the veterinarian when he is sick. That's renewals and repairs. After a few years, in spite of the best of care, the horse is no longer capable of doing the required work and is sold for $50, a loss of $200 as compared with the original cost. That's depreciation. If you haven't laid that by year by year out of the horse's earnings, you've got to borrow it to buy a new horse, and you may not find it easy to do so if you haven't repaid the original loan. That's what happens to municipal plants that don't provide an adequate depreciation fund.

Making Peter Pay For Paul.

Whether a public utility be administered by the government itself or by a private corporation, we hold that every person who uses it should be held to pay the cost of the service which he receives and that no man should be compelled by taxation or otherwise to bear any part of his neighbor's expenses for light and power, for telephone service or for transportation of himself or of his goods.

Every proposal that a municipality assume operation of all public utilities and reduce rates to persons using them, regardless of what the service may actually cost, is an attempt to force some men to bear the expenses of others, because where the outlay for operation exceeds earnings the deficit must be made up by taxation, and this we denounce as socialistic and therefore hostile to justice and subversive of democratic government.—Bourke Cockran.

Preventics, as the name implies, prevents all Colds and Grippe when "taken in the sneeze stage."

Preventics are toothsome candy tablets. Preventics dissipate all colds quickly and taken early, when you first feel that a cold is coming, they check and prevent them. Preventics are thoroughly safe for children and as effectual for adults. Sold and recommended in 5 and 25 cent boxes by all dealers.

Cows for Sale.

Two extra good cows for sale at a reasonable price, considering stock and breeding. A bargain for anyone wanting gentle cattle that anyone can handle. For particulars inquire of

FRANK W. BACHUS,
Gas Engineer.

MAN AND HIS BELIEFS.

The Seven Great Religious Bodies of the World.

The population of the earth at the death of the Emperor Augustus was estimated at 50,000,000. Today it is calculated that this globe has a population of 1,603,150,000. Out of this vast number of more than a billion and a half of human beings it is asserted that all but an infinitesimal fraction of 1 per cent believe in and worship in some degree a supreme ruler of the universe.

There are seven great religions in the world. The Christian religion has the greatest number of adherents, 563,000,000. Of this number 350,000,000 are Catholics and 213,000,000 Protestants. These two great divisions are subdivided into innumerable sects differing from one another on some point of dogma or church government. Next in importance comes the worship of ancestors and Confucianism, whose followers are 283,000,000 in number. This belief is confined almost exclusively to the Chinese and Japanese. In India there are 223,000,000 Brahmans. This form of religion has decreased somewhat during recent years, owing perhaps to the continual ravages of plague and famine in that country. But it still holds the third place among the seven great religions. Brahmanism is hard pressed, however, by the faith of Islam. There are 222,000,000 of these followers of the doctrines of Mohammed. The fifth on the list are the Polytheists, the believers in many gods, who number 130,000,000. The devotees of Buddha come next, 107,000,000 strong. These, too, have their stronghold in India. The smallest of the seven great religions of the world is Taoism, with 44,000,000 adherents in the Chinese empire and in Tibet.

The next greatest religion, in point of numbers, to Taoism is the belief of Japan, Shintoism. This has but 18,000,000 believers. The Jewish faith now counts but half that number of adherents. But, unlike the other great religions, the followers of the teachings of Moses are not centered in any particular country, but are scattered all about the world. Compared with the foregoing, the religions of the Parsees, while one of the most beautiful theoretically, has about the smallest following of any distinct belief in the world. 150,000. This sect has its home in India and is best known to the outside world by its curious burial customs, the famed "towers of silence."—Exchange.

Like All the Rest.

"I suppose," said the curious old lady to the driver of the city sprinkling cart, "that you only follow this business for the money there is in it?"

"Yes, madam," said the driver of the cart; "I frankly confess I am out for the dust."—Baltimore American.

Two days treatment free. Ring's Dyspepsia Tablets for impaired digestion, impure breath, perfect assimulation of food, increased appetite. Do not fail to avail yourself of the above offer. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosphate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. E. W. JONES,
Smethport, Pa.

"Pineales" (non alcoholic) made from resin from our pine forests used for hundreds of years for bladder and kidney diseases. Medicine for thirty days $1. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Get our guarantee coupon from Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Your money refunded if after using three-fourths of a tube of ManZan you are dissatisfied. Return the balance of the tube to your druggist and your money will be cheerfully returned. Take advantage of this offer. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Report of the Condition

OF THE HAMLIN BANK & TRUST CO. OF SMETHPORT, OF NO. 110 MAIN STREET, MCKEAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, NOV. 26, 1906.

RESOURCES.

Cash on hand		$ 14057 68
Checks and other cash items		405 01
Due from Banks and Bankers		107879 71
Commercial and other paper purchased		270978 21
Call Loans upon Collateral		7500 00
Time Loans upon Collateral		205018 15
Loans upon Bonds and Mortgages		181848 42
Investment securities owned:		
Stocks, Bonds, etc.	$106137 03	
Mortgages	4438 17	98575 20
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures		17724 07
Overdrafts		215 76
		904795 81

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		200000 00
Surplus Fund		50000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		8408 77
Deposits subject to check	275247 15	
Deposits, special	381139 89	646386 54
		904795 81

State of Pennsylvania } ss.
County of McKean }

I, RALPH E. BURDICK, treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) RALPH E. BURDICK,
Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 4th day of December, 1906.

(Signed) HALLIE A. WALKER,
Notary Public.

My commission expires Jan. 19, 1909.

Correct—Attest;

(Signed) HENRY HAMLIN,
JOHN FORREST,
" F. D. GALLUP,
Directors.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Laura M. Taylor, late of the borough of Smethport, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania. All persons indebted to said estate will make payment to me and all persons having claims against said said estate will present them to me at the office of Gorton & Richmond, Smethport, Pa.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Dec. 5, 1906. Administrator.

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SMETHPORT, PA.
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THANKS for complaints that "jack us up" and keep us particular about your needs.

THANKS for compliments that we hear every day, due to painstaking efforts to serve the public.

THANKS to all, and we shall be glad if all are as thankful as we are.

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C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Daisy's Trunk

By GEORGE STAIR.

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"You should have sent your trunk on in the train ahead," said Compton. "Just now there is a press of baggage, and you cannot get your trunk out in time to get the other train."

"But I must," insisted Daisy, with pretty imperiousness. "If I lose that train the yacht will have left and I shall miss the trip. She will be sent south next month, and I shall not have another chance."

"I'll see what I can do," he volunteered. "But I am afraid that it looks very much like a hopeless case."

"You can do it," said Daisy confidently as she settled back in her seat with the air of one who dismisses discussion. Somehow Compton gave one confidence in his powers of accomplishment. Ever since she had been a child she had let him do things for her. He had always seemed a handy man, and precisely because he was so handy he had urged his suit on her in vain.

Just now Dick Tomlin was the favored suitor. Dick was to meet her at the station and take her over to the other railroad, where she would connect with the train for the shore where her brother was waiting for her on his yacht.

In spite of her liking for Tomlin she was glad when Frank Compton's form loomed up in the aisle of the car. Dick was not a good manager. With Frank along she knew that her trunk would be assured.

Compton sank into the seat beside her. "I suppose there is some favored swain waiting for you," he suggested.

Daisy blushed.

"Dick Tomlin said he might be there," she admitted.

Compton smiled.

"If he said that he might be there, he assured that he will," he said gravely. "Will he be the only Dolly?"

"You are always thinking about my getting married," she fenced. "I don't

"LET ME HAVE YOUR CHECK," HE SAID QUIETLY.

see why we can't just be good friends, Frank."

"Because I want to be something better than good friends," he explained. "I want you for my wife and you merely laugh at the idea."

"I've known you ages," she explained. "You seem more like a big brother."

"So a newcomer wins the prize," he sighed.

"Please don't speak about it," pleaded Daisy. "You know I hate to hurt you."

Compton settled back in his seat with a sigh. That was the explanation of it all. Daisy had known him all her life. It was the new face that won her attention. There was no hope for him. The train was pulling into the station before he roused himself.

"Let me have your check," he said quietly. "Tomlin will look after you. I will try to get the trunk."

She gave him a grateful look as she handed him the square of brass. "You're an awful comfort, Frank," she said softly. "I'm sorry I can't—can't"—

"It's all right," he said, as he gathered up her belongings.

"Tell Tomlin to get a hansom and send the driver after me. I'll have the trunk for him."

He helped her down the steps and, after seeing that Tomlin was there, went in search of the trunk. Truck after truck was run down the platform, and at last he recognized the little steamer trunk with its big red D.

Quickly he explained to the helper the necessity for having the trunk immediately, but the baggage handlers were tired and cross and not disposed to extend any favors.

"Can't do it," he said sharply. "The trunks have got to be checked up before they can go out. That will take half an hour."

Compton passed the man a bill. "Suppose you transfer the check to me," he said. "You can check me up instead of the trunk. Then if there's any trouble you have me to answer for it."

For a moment the man stood still as the idea sank in; then, with a laugh, he jerked off the trunk, slipped off the strap and fastened it to Compton's arm. The cabman stepped up to shoulder the baggage, and the helper grinned.

"Jump up there with the rest of the trunks until I can run you into the room," he laughed.

Compton fell in with the joke and took his place on top of the pile of luggage.

For the next half hour he was compelled to sit in the stuffy room until the baggagemaster found time to attend to him. Then the two checks were verified, the tag was taken from his arm, and he was permitted to go.

Three weeks later he ran into Daisy on the street. "How is my trunk?" she asked, with a smile.

"You got it, I hope?" he said quickly.

"I mean my substitute trunk," she explained. "The Potters told me about it. It seems that they saw you make the exchange."

"It was the only way to avoid a delay," he said. "That accounts for my not coming to say goodby."

"You are a dear old fellow," she said softly. "When I heard the story from the Potters and remembered how Dick complained because you were on the train with me I saw the difference between you two and"—

"And?" he questioned.

"The contrast was in your favor," she said hurriedly. "Frank, if you want to ask a certain question again I think that perhaps"—

"Here is the jeweler's," suggested Compton. "Let's get the ring."

"I want one with a seal like a trunk check," she said as she followed. "I planned it all out on the boat."

"Bless the trunk check," said Compton fervently.

Still First In all Hearts.

Teachers and pupils of a high school in New Jersey were amazed one morning when the principal suddenly ordered all the classes to assemble in the auditorium. Their amazement increased, says a writer in the New York Press, when he began to [illegible] on "George Washington, the Father of Our Country."

When the principal finished his remarks he paused impressively for a moment and then went on in his severest tone:

"The bust of George Washington which stood upon the pedestal in the reception room has been removed and placed upon the floor, with its face in the corner. Until the culprit, whoever he or she may be, comes to the front and makes a public confession of the misdemeanor not a soul will be permitted to leave this building. Remember, there will be no other punishment imposed than the open and public confession."

There was a great sensation. Teachers exchanged glances; pupils fidgeted round, awed and frightened. The principal, holding himself very erect, faced them solemnly.

"I am waiting," said he.

Then the janitor stepped forward and relieved the situation.

"It's up to me," he said. "The roof was leakin' mighty bad, an' the boost of Mr. Washin'ton were in the drip, an' I thought it proper to move it to keep the rain from sp'ilin' it, an' I meant no insoolt by turnin' his face to the wall, sir."

"The school is dismissed," said the principal.

A Grateful Town.

A man who had been born and reared in a small town in the interior went to one of the large cities, engaged in business and accumulated a fortune. After a lapse of twenty-five years he made a visit to his native village. Desiring to do something for the place, he rented a vacant building on the principal street for a long term of years and telegraphed an order for a first class chemical engine and other appurtenances.

Having previously secured the promise of the village trustees that a volunteer fire department would be organized at once, he had the satisfaction of seeing the engine installed in the building before he went away.

A few days after his return to the city a friend in the little town sent him a copy of the local paper. It contained a full account of his philanthropic action and expressed the gratitude of the citizens for his liberality, but wound up thus:

"There is a general feeling, however, that with his vast wealth it wouldn't have hurt him a bit if he had given us instead a system of waterworks and a regular steam fire engine, with a span of bay horses and a paid fire department. Then we could have crowed over every town in the county. As it is, we are merely on a par with Pilgrimville and Kohankus, and if we go to putting on airs they'll give us the hauch."

Inquire and Enquire.

"While you are on the subject of spelling," says a correspondent, "can you kindly explain why business men persist in writing 'enquire' and 'enquiry' for 'inquire' and 'inquiry?' The word is pronounced 'in,' and 'in' clearly expresses the meaning."

The explanation, we think, must be that business men are too much given to the study of the older classics of our language. In the romance of "Generydes," for example, the business man reads that:

Of every man he enquryd the certente
Whiche of his men were ded and whiche were lyve.

And they have noted that Child's text of "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" says that:

To faire London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

Congreve spells it with an "e," but Milton with an "i." Spenser spelled it with an "i," but the translators of the "Authorized Version" spelled it with an "u." So the honors are perhaps easy as regards the classics. But there is no doubt that the "i" has it all its own way in the practice of modern writers of repute.—London News.

BASKET FISH.

When Dried, the Queer Arms Closely Resemble Plaster of Paris.

At its marine residence, away down in deep water, the name on the door plate would be "Astrophyton," and it belongs to a species called ophiurans. It has a well marked central disk, not unlike a clam, but has no shell. From this central body radiate arms, five in number, like those of the familiar starfish, and these arms are divided into minute branches, like the twigs on a tree, until they number in some cases a thousand separately defined hairlike tendrils. While the body is not large, the branches when extended measure about eighteen inches in diameter. The creature has the power of recurling these branches until it closely resembles a shallow dish. This it does when caught and about to die, remaining in that shape when dried.

It has been given the name of basket fish. If frequently (when caught by a dredge, for that is the only way it can be taken) throws off these arms or parts of them, so that a perfect specimen is hard to be procured in its natural condition.

These arms and their subdivisions are almost white when dried and closely resemble plaster of paris. They are very brittle, easily broken and cannot be repaired. The fish live among the roots of seaweeds and are supposed to feed upon these, moving about by wriggling and clambering with their arms or fastening upon the roots and pulling themselves along.

Most of the knowledge regarding their habits is conjecture, for none have been taken alive and kept for sufficient time to give them proper examination and study.—St. Nicholas.

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

Be Hopeful, Avoid Worry and See the Amusing Side of Life.

Women more than men are possessed with a dread of growing old, not realizing that maturity has its charms and compensations. We wish young people of either had it impressed upon them that they may provide for a happy old age by laying up a reserve of sound health and a store of happy memories [illegible] by cultivating tastes and resources which will outlast youth. As [illegible] are already [illegible] made sure, there is [illegible] prematurely [illegible] to [illegible] years. It is essential, if [illegible] to keep young, to cultivate that [illegible] of mind so characteristic of youth—the hope which makes one exclaim with Browning, "The best is yet to come," and with Lucy Larcom, "Every year life is larger and deeper and more beautiful in its possibilities." Allied with this attitude of expectancy must be the ability to see the amusing side of life. Worry and vexation over what would better be laughed at result in disfiguring wrinkles. Above all, if the years bring us, as they should, a better understanding of ourselves, a broadening of active human sympathies, a firmer faith in Providence, we shall find life abundantly worth the living, no matter what may be the number of our birthdays.—Western Review.

The Heart of a Child.

That which disparages us and quickens revolt is no less a factor in a child's emotional life. But there is this difference—we have the better opportunity to defend ourselves and to obtain reparation. So there is a certain pathetic pleasure in standing with humanity where its joys, its longings, its embarrassments and its disappointments are simplest and newest, and, perforce, where impotency is absolute. Give me this most uncommercial, this divinest of enterprises for my own! Give me a child to be at home with, to be in absolute confidence with! If I cannot refashion my warped, wrinkled and discolored old soul into the unblased graces and the ethereal purity of the spirit of the child, let me now and again open that little door and shut myself in that little heart, just for the sheer delight of it.—Patterson Du Bois in Success Magazine.

Bad For Tall Hats.

New Year's eve, which is sacred to St. Sylvester, is celebrated in Berlin by the blowing of tin horns, the ringing of bells and all other devices for making a noise. The only horse play indulged in is at the expense of the wearer of the silk tile. Any one on the street is privileged to bring his cane down on the crown of the offending headgear as hard and as often as he can. When the man with the dilapidated hat complains to the police the only consolation he gets is, "It serves you right for wearing it on Sylvester night."

Low Down.

"You are anaemic," says the physician after thumping and prodding. "You should practice deep breathing."

"Deep breathing!" retorts the patient. "Why, doctor, that is just what I do all the time. I work in a subway cellar sixty feet below the street level."—Judge.

Insincerity.

Be honest with yourself, whatever the temptations. Say nothing to others that you do not think and play no tricks with your own mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour of the world insincerity is the most dangerous.—J. A. Froude.

One Kind of Tanning.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"What kind of wood do they use most in tanning?"

"Well, when I went to school, my boy, they used birch."—Yonkers Statesman.

Do not borrow trouble. The interest is too high.—Dallas News.

An Antique

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

Copyright, 1899, by P. C. Eastment

"Did you ever? That bonnet was old fashioned when Noah went into the ark," Miss Althea Evans said, nodding toward the new girl in the choir.

Isabella Strange, her chum and rival in Eastwood society, giggled and answered loud enough for the new girl to hear: "You are shockingly ignorant, Leathy. Don't you know there are people who take pride in their antiques?"

Involuntarily, it seemed, the new girl put her hand up to the plume which drooped to touch masses of bright wavy hair. The plume was not draggled; nothing, indeed, about the hat showed a touch of wear. But it was at least three seasons behind the style, also very becoming to the wearer. She was slim and tall, with sherry wine eyes and a creamy, rose tinted complexion. In the lips the roses burned to clear scarlet, and there was an adorable dimple lurking at one side. Dark brows, delicately arched, gave an accent to the face, an accent repeated by the gold lights of the abundant brown hair. Thus nature explained the situation. A girl who looked that way could afford to be old fashioned, and two other girls, enormously stylish, but with no looks to boast, could not help but be ill natured.

Benson, the choir leader, a thin man, perpetually scowling, but wholly through near sight, wheeled stiffly upon Althea and said: "The solo? Have you practiced it as you promised? Let's try it first thing."

Althea turned her back to him. "Pig! Does he think I mean to waste my singing?" she whispered loudly to Isabella. Over her shoulder she added languidly: "Mr. Benson, I'll sing my solo Sunday after next. Some—some friends of mine," significant emphasis on the friends, "are coming specially to hear me. Until then you must make out with—the rest."

"As you will, Miss Evans," Benson said, a flush creeping up to his sallow cheek. "But you promised. I—depended on the promise. And it is much to me that the music shall be even."

"I dare say, but I shan't sing except when I feel like it," Althea said, with a touch of insolence.

Her father was head of the vestry, and she thought she knew Benson dared not resent anything she might do.

It took her breath to have him say firmly: "In that case you are quite useless. Music, a great gift, a great blessing, does not come without work. If you will not work unsparingly you will hinder rather than help. You should work—for your own sake. You have voice, oh, yes, but it needs heart in it. Unless you grow to love the work you will never get the heart. Your singing will be—what you say—dumb!—like a street piano that one may play with a crank."

"Really, this—this is beyond endurance," Althea began.

Isabella laughed low and unpleasantly and put her hand over Althea's lips. Then she called to the choir master, who had moved a little way off: "Why don't you try Miss Archer?" nodding toward the new girl. "I'm sure she looks musical—she may be an artist."

Miss Archer smiled daintily, saying: "Oh, thank you. I should like to sing. I love it and have been silent ever since I came—the walls are so thin at Mrs. Wray's, and I should so hate to disturb any one."

"You! What will you care for?" Benson asked, seating himself at the small organ. The girl bent her head softly, saying: "Something old and simple. Something my mother sang, please. Say 'Rock of Ages' or 'Coronation.'"

"I'm going. I hate all that old rubbish," Althea said, marching toward the door.

Isabella followed her, but paused, her hand on the knob, to say with a giggle, as though speaking to some one still in the room: "You'd better put up a sign outside, 'Antiques to Be Seen and Heard Here!'" Then she ran down the steps laughing loudly, and as she overtook Althea caught her arm, shook her gayly and said: "I think we have settled Miss Archer. If she has any sense at all she won't come again—after this."

Whether or no Miss Archer had sense she certainly had a voice. She also—and this was the crown of poor Benson's joy—knew mighty well how to use it. She was withal modest and biddable, giving herself no airs whatever, albeit two Sundays of her solos had sufficed to crowd the church. She kept much to herself and, although frank and friendly enough, put by social opportunities as they came.

Mrs. Judge Gray called the very first Sunday afternoon, a thing she had never been known to do before. She asked Miss Archer to tea; also to dinner next week. But Miss Archer shook her head. She was in Eastwood for rest and must not let herself be beguiled. Besides, she had a charming room, and the woods roundabout were enchanting. She hated to stay out of them. She was very grateful, but Mrs. Gray must excuse her.

It was the same with all the rest. Young or old found her. If they found her at all, the soul of graciousness, but elusive. She rode out every morning and drove every afternoon, always alone except for a staid liveried groom. The one thing vulnerable about her was her clothes. Exquisite in choice, make, fit and material, they were all so very far from being in fashion. Therefore they bred theories. Nobody really knew more of Miss Archer than that she had come to the Wray house with unimpeachable credentials from two of last season's star boarders. So there was some excuse for the romances woven about her. The favorite one was that she had been either suddenly bereft of fortune or that she had inherited a wardrobe and thriftily chose to wear it out unchanged. The fine fit made rather against that, so much so that the bereft heiress notion was most generally accepted. But Miss Archer could certainly not have lost all her money. She was liberal to a fault in her expenditures and reckless in the matter of tips to her caddies—indeed, to small boys generally, whether or no they had rendered her a service.

Althea's special friends were delayed; therefore she in turn delayed her return to the choir. She had no doubt whatever that Benson would take her notwithstanding she admitted that she and Isabella had been [illegible]. "But how could we [illegible] out so?" Althea asked of herself, with in turn question.

"Who would have thought Miss Archer could do without you? And does he think he can keep on doing without you when they have the service of thanks?"

"Of course he can't," Althea said, almost tearfully, "because the thanks are mostly for Cousin Rob, and everybody knows he won't care for anything except to hear me sing."

Cousin Rob was, understand, a lieutenant in the navy, for whose escape from typhoon and other perils Eastwood felt called upon to give especial thanks. There were other Eastwood men, but they had not been mentioned in dispatches for cool and reckless bravery. Moreover, they had not been promoted. So, although they were included in the roster, it was well understood that Lieutenant Robert Starling was the beginning and the end of things.

Althea thrilled to think of herself singing to him, with the multitude hanging breathlessly upon her voice, there in the church, all bedight with flags and oaken boughs. Flowers were held out of place for these hearts of oak. She knew she should do her best. She must, with such inspiration.

So it was a thunderbolt to have Benson say grimly:

"Miss Evans, there is no place for you, I am sorry to say. Besides, Miss Archer does, oh, much, much better! Her notes are gold, where yours are scarcely silver. Tommy Bell has the only voice hers does not make thin and tinpanny. He shall sing with her in the special opening anthem. I have myself arranged it. You might be in a chorus later on, but you do not know enough. You would try to drown the rest with your big notes. There is the difference. Put Miss Archer in chorus, and she would sing exactly in key."

"You are an old bear!" said Althea and ran home to tell her mother.

Before it came to telling her plan was all upset, and by no less a person than Miss Archer, who came swiftly to her and said a lot, but not in many words. The result was when the service of thanks came on there were several surprises, but, if truth must be told, some severe disappointments, for Althea sang the solo and in the anthem, and Miss Archer was no more than a chorister. She subdued her voice admirably and kept in the background as much as she might, yet her name ran all about from lip to lip, so it was not perhaps through occult divination that Lieutenant Robert Starling waited outside the choir loft stair with at least fifty of his enthusiastic townsmen hanging behind, to see the reason of his loitering.

Verily, they had their reward, for the lieutenant caught both Miss Archer's hands and wrung them as though he would never let go. He spoke to her familiarly, almost entreatingly, and went away with her without a by your leave. When they were safe in the Wray House he said, masterfully, "Elinor, darling, tell me what is behind this masquerade?"

"Oh, nothing much," Miss Elinor Archer Wesley, actress and gentlewoman, said, with a little laugh. "I wanted to rest, and people wouldn't let me alone, so I determined to play Princess Charming again for just myself. All the costumes were perfectly fresh and perfectly beautiful if the public didn't like them nor me in them, so I've had the play—the play that failed five years ago—on again all summer. You can't think how interesting it's been, and it has helped me—oh, such a lot! Without it I never could have seen just what your people were."

"As if that mattered, as if anything mattered, except that we love each other," Lieutenant Starling said. "You do love me, Nora, darling?"

"I ought not to. It will break the town's heart to have you marry me," Elinor responded. "But I'm mightily afraid that I do."

The Dawn of Conscience.

The development of conscience has been interestingly traced in the career of a deaf mute who for many years was quite uneducated. He thought in pictures and had mental words for only the fewest things. He had no sense of right and wrong. Being often hungry, he stole food—that is to say, he found and took it, not then knowing that it was an offense to do so. Small sums of money he made his own in the same way, and again he saw no wrong. But one day he took from a butcher's counter a piece of money which turned out to be gold. He went into a shop to buy sweets with it, but when he realized the value of the coin he snatched it up and ran away. He was horrified, not at the theft, but the extent of it. In the end he buried the piece and from that time stole no more. The shock had quickened conscience into life, and he needed little "converting" when kindly instructors at last took him in hand.—St. James' Gazette.

COCHINEAL.

The Way the Tiny Insects Live and How They Are Gathered.

Merry millions of little lockets support the vast cochineal industries. Where the tiny cochineal insect comes from is sometimes of a mystery, but he does come wherever the nopal plant grows and for a long time was thought to be a seed or a floweret of the plant. The living female insect is twice as large as the male, weighs one-tenth of a grain and loses much weight in drying, so that 70,000 are needed to make one pound. During the rainy season many millions of the creatures are drowned or washed off the plants, so that when the long dry summer comes there are but a few survivors on each plant. But these multiply so rapidly that before long the plants are covered. The last act of the female's life is to deposit a large number of eggs, on which her dead body rests, protecting them from the burning rays of the sun until the little ones emerge. In about six weeks after the beginning of the dry season comes the first harvest. The plantation laborers make the round of the nopalry and with a brush go over the entire plant, sweeping the creatures into a bag. They then are killed by immersion in hot water, by exposure to steam or by drying in hot ovens. The hot water or steam makes them a dark reddish brown or black cochineal. The hot ovens make them a red gray hue or silver cochineal. The females outnumber the males by at least 200 to 1, a fortunate fact for the planter, since the males are of no use to him whatever.

THE CABS OF NEW YORK.

They Are Not an Integral Part of the Life of the City.

The cab is no integral part of New York life. Venice without the gondola were as unthinkable as a woman without hair. No little of London's compelling charm is in its swift rolling hansoms. These things we know. But one can't think of New York in terms of cabs. Once upon a time I was in exile. Only in memory did the great city rise before me, and what I saw was this: Huge canyons of stone and steel, filled with noise and darkness, through which great yellow worms crawled, one after the other, in middle. That is the picture of New York that haunts the exile, even as the outlawed Venetian is obsessed by slim black gondolas cutting across lanes of moonlight. Your true New Yorker is a steam projected, electrically carted person. Only in exceptional moments of gloom or gayety does he ride "in a carriage and pair." He is carriage ridden to a funeral. He cabs it in wifey moments, when the fear of God is not in him. There are only 2,000 licensed cabs and hacks on the island of Manhattan. Others there are, of course, plying piratically in the dark quarters, but even with these thrown in the reckoning is small. No; the New Yorker is not a cabby person.—Vance Thompson in Outing Magazine.

A College In Bokhara.

There lay behind the great arch and the domes and the minarets a retired precinct of ancient trees and shaded walks, a grove in the midst of a city, colonnaded in quadrangle by the pointed arches of the students' cells. Under the trees was a sort of summer house or pavilion. Two or three young men were walking in an avenue against the farther colonnade, and on the stone steps of a wide, shaded pool sat several mullahs on their praying rugs. We visited a number of the students in their cells—monastic little brick walled rooms where they live the year around (there are no vacations in Mussulman colleges) and for years on end. It is not unusual for a student after passing the primary school to spend as much as fifteen or twenty years at his higher studies, though usually in such a long course he will go through several different colleges in the order of advancement. Quiet men, these students, mild eyed, patient, often middle aged.—Minneapolis Bellman.

Girl Slaves In China.

A native writer in a Chinese publication remarks: "When a girl is sold in China she becomes the slave of her owner and a part of his property. She no longer retains her freeborn rights, but surrenders them all to the will of those who own her. She receives no compensation for her labor, but is obliged to accept such raiment and food as her owners may be pleased to give her. In cases of tyranny or gross cruelty she cannot appeal for redress. She may be resold, given away or cast off in the streets at the arbitrary will of her master. All freedom is denied her, and she remains a tool and chattel in the hands of her owner until she is sold again or until death releases her from her unwilling fate."

Effects of Deafness.

An ear specialist insists that deafness affects all the senses. He says the reason for this is that the ear is only one servant of the sensory service of the human system. Loss of hearing is really a partial paralysis of the brain, but owing to the sympathetic connection of the various sensory nerve centers of the brain the others indirectly concerned have to combat for their very life the demoralizing influence of the affected center.

Considerate of a Motorist.

We hold no brief for the motorists, says the Bystander, but "honor where honor is due." On a country road the other day we saw a motorist deliberately avoid running over an animal on the highway. To be exact, it was a circus elephant.—St. James' Gazette.

In the capital of Honduras all the houses in the poorer quarter are made of mahogany, which costs less than pine there.

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